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Of all the different species of poetry there is none which the classic student and lover of nature, admires more than the pastoral - The former who has once enjoyed the harmonious and polished beauties of the Greek and Latin poets, will never forget, that some of their sweetest images, their happiest thoughts and their home appeals to the heart, have been exhibited in pastoral. The latter here behold nature adorned by art - not refined into something totally different - but with all her beauties thrown into a fairer light,

with all her coarseness modified, and
hidden from the view.

It is in this species of poetry
that versification and her sister science, paint-
ing, border most closely upon each
other - But here the former possesses
the undoubted superiority The painter
may reach the perfection of his art,
and make the canvas glow with
the tints of celestial beauty, and
breathe with animation and burn
with life - he may appeal by the
feature and action the sentiments
and passions of the heart - In short
he may mimic reality and like the
band of Orpheus, leaving enchanted
woods - may create new - But it is
reserved for the inspired man of the
nine, to effect that mysterious

union between natural objects - and ideas - to throw by figures new light on the works of the creator, and make the works of the creator symbolical of thought - thus like a second Prometheus, breathing a divine spirit into the inanimate subjects of simile. In the true pastoral, we not only behold the persons and the country in which they are placed, clothed with all its loveliness, and rendered sublime by its noblest objects; the inhabitants speak, and by appropriate local allusion, properly and pertinently introduced, the Pastoral derives it's highest charms and brightest ornaments.

In every country, subjects are found for pastoral; if not in its present in its

former state. It is not however always safe, to come too near home. The truth is known - the state of Society understood - coarseness cannot be changed into classic beauty; and the illusion vanishes, when fact displays her mines. The pastorals of Phillips may be nature - but they are too coarse for refined sentiment, and classic taste. Among the modern pastorals, I have always most admired the Oriental Eclogues of Collins.

It is not however my present intention to make any more remarks on Pastoral in general - but simply to notice, a field where he whom the muse had gifted with proper qualifications might gain an immortality in bearing away the palm

Pastorals

of Pastoral poetry. Such Eclogues all Christendom might enjoy, as have for their subjects scenes furnished by scripture — Particularly the wanderings of the patriarchs and similar narrations in the old testament. The allusions all would understand and all be equally interested in. The historic matter could never want for incident — and the countries in which the scene should be laid, could never want for ingenuity.

I have subjoined a very imperfect attempt at such a Pastoral — at least something like it, though the original design was not to make it of that form, and it is given in its first shape without alteration abridgement or addition. Failure therefore is not to be discovered — where failure is mer-

: viously allowed. and if the annex-
: ed fragment shall only have, what-
in the hands of a skilful master
a scripture pastoral might become,
the author's aim will be attained
and his greatest wish gratified.

IEPHTHA; The exile.

(1) Day o'er the mountains dawns, the golden stream
Flames its bright flood & wraps their tops in flame
O'er all the scene the joyous eye surveys,
Reviving nature gladdening in the rays.
The oblivious spell dissolves & yields again
And countless myriads hail its vanished reign;
Their matin song the airs gay tenants raise,
And earth reechoes with the note of praise
Far, far away the misty vapors roll
And all was cheerful — save the exile's soul.

For him no more the spicy gale shall breathe
Or spring spring shall twine her fairest wreath,

(1) the mountains of Gilead, which separated Judaea from the infidels. See line 13.

Where Gilead's towring summits rise & bound
The land of Infidels from sacred ground.

Driven by their kindred from their native hearth,
Without a resting place - a home on earth -
The exiled race ascend the mountain's head
And climb its sides, with weary steps & slow.
Jephtha, whom brothers hate compell'd to rove,
(2) The first & dearest object of his love,
And she, of both their hearts the joy & pride
Mount with the rising morn the mountain's side.

Upon its top they pause, where far and near
(3) The loveliest scenes in nature's book appear;
Where earth & air & sky all whisper'd peace
And mock'd their souls with unfelt happiness.
Far on the east, spread Ammon's wide abode,
The sands by Hagar's wandring offspring trod;
Full right was weary of the boundless plain
And sought for rising mound, or hill in vain.

(2) his daughter, whom he afterwards sacrificed.
(3) Vide Josephus and Clarkes' travels in the holy land.

There, o'er the sands the Arab camels stray
And hail the freshness of the rising day.
(4) Northward, they view the cloud capt-mountain rise,
White with the snows of circling centuries;
Whence now the solar beams reflected shine
And gild their summits with a light divine.
But O! what glorious scenes below them lie,
What goodly prospects meet the raptured eye
Of Land of promise, worthy of a GOD,
Meet for his chosen people's best abode!
Far in the distant line, the morning beam
(5) Played bright on Chinnereth's unruffled stream,
And, whereto tranquil mirror's surface spread
A lengthened line of dazzling glory shed.
Between the Lake & Gilead's mountain hill
All nature's choicest scenes in beauty vie,
As if the richness of the emerald green
By hands immortal spread & decked had been—

(4) The mountains of Libanus or Lebanon "while with eternal snow".

(5) Called afterwards Genezareth and the "Sea of Galilee".

July 8.) Pastorals.

O'er that fair carpet every varied hue
A myriad flowers in rich disorder threw—
(6) With sparing hand, in other climes her store
Into the lap of earth the parent pours;
Some spring to life, produced by piercing rays
Born in the solar tide's meridian blaze—
Others, with gentler growth expanding, rise—
Here, bounteous nature all her fruits supplies!
The vine beneath its clustring burden bends
High o'er the plain, the stately palm ascends
The fig tree here, its leafy honors shed
To man alike, a food and cheering shade.
(7) Here, as in that blest realm no change that knew,
Through all the circling year God's bounty grew;
Alike when youthful spring adorns the glade
And summers flowrets bud & bloom & fade—
Or mellow autumn spreads her golden store
(8) His treasures still perpetual riches pour.

(6) (8). Vide Josephus— "Troja fuit!"
Palestine is changed!
(7) Paradise.

There, in his pride, upon the grass-green mound,
The lordly antelope was seen to bound—
Surveys his figure in the crystal flood,
Is conscious of the earth on which he stood,
He snuffs the gale and bounds along the wood.
Here, many a city rose upon the plain,
Checquer'd the scene and shower'd the human
of men;
They saw, where Ashtaroth's groves were
: blas'd,
Where oft Idolatry her altars raised—
And Golan's hallowed site, where God's com-
: mand
Bade the avenger stay his lifted hand;
Where mercy smiled—& vengeance dropt her
rod,
And prayr and penance might atone for blood.
All, all was cheerful save the exiles soul,
Where clouds arise and waves tempestuous roll.

JEPHTHAS WIFE.

See—nature mocks our fate! yon cloudless blue
Calm, as if earth eternal sunshine knew—

(9) Golan was one of the seven cities of refuge mentioned in Leviticus.

You wave, whose glassy surface spreads afar
(10) As if it never knew the billowy war—
You boundless waste, that now lies still and drear
As if no furious whirlwinds lorded there—
No sunbeam gilds the darkness of our doom,
Without a country & without a home!
The sportive ranger of the hill and plain
May bound along and hold unquestioned reign,
(11) Drink from the living rills around that spring
Free as the mountain air or eagle's wing.
But not for us, shall living fountains flow
Earth teem with life or balmy breezes blow!
As Jordans solitary waters glide,
(12) Nor mingle with the lakes translucent tide,
So thro' the midst of this fair world we go
Nor kindred love, nor brethren's friendship know.
As Jordans streams their destined tribute pay
Where sunk in earth th' accursed cities lay
(13) Into that dark & foul & sullen wave,
We journey onwards but to find a grave!

(10) The sea of Galilee is subject to violent storms. It was there our saviour performed one of his miracles, during its violent agitation.
(11) "The wild gazelle" — HEBREW MELODIES.
(12) The waters of the river pass thro the lake according to Josephus, without mingling with its contents. (13) They empty into the

JEPHTHA.

Mysterious is the source of Jordan's
stream,
Its feeding springs unknown, yet some do deem
That long concealed in earth from mortal sight
Again its living fountains gush to light.
Thus, though our present fate be wrapt in
shade,
The sunbeam shall once more the gloom pervade;
The gladning day of joy again return
And brighter glory gild our rising morn.
This goodly earth bespeaks the hand divine
That bade the stream to flow - the beam to shine
But we have found its lords a heartless race
Devoid of faith, unjust and vilely base.
Yon lake lies still & clear, the day beneath,
But cold as is the sullen wave of death.

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dead sea, where the seven cities of the plain are sunk.

(14) This, at that time was only conjectured. Vide Josephus.

(15). Vide Idem. The water is cold, and does not imbibe the least degree of heat, from being exposed to the most ardent rays of the sun.

So cold, the hearts of Gilead's faithless crew,
O! who would mingle with such souls untrue!
Yes - in this vast extent, some spot more blest
With human love shall prove a quiet rest -
There, in each other, we may ever live
Such joy man cannot take, man cannot give.

DAUGHTER.

Why wept your mother, when we sped away
And the bright sun made all look blythe & gay?
My father knows not how to weep - but yet
His last and hasty parting look I met -
Sad as the mournful clouds that slowly lower,
I surely thought, they told a coming shower.
Is there no spot on earth so blest as this?
Dwells not, in this wide world, the love of peace?

WIFE.

For thee affection nor her thorns shall shed
Alone - thy cares were few - thy wants were few;
But, like the winds that o'er the desart fly
Fierce, to sweep thy hopes, thy peace away!

JEPHTHA.

O say not thus! that blooming field below
Without thy presence, were a den of woe!
That dreary, desart waste that contained lies
With thee, must prove a blissful Paradise.
With this dear pledge of constant faith & love
Whatever climes we see, wherèer we rove,
Full well may they within our father's hall
Envy our peace - tho' bought by losing all.

Thus pouring in each other's wounds the balm
Each storm of grief was hushed, each wave of
grief calm;
In faith's firm eye, on him they fix'd their
view,
Who still in danger led his people thro' -
When Egypt's cruel lord their race oppress,
When Israel's seed unpitied and unblest, -
Who bade the deep its boom vast ope' and,
To Jacob, freedom from a tyrant hand,
To Pharaoh death - and woe to Egypt's
land!

who led their tribes for many a lingering year
In climes unfriendly and in regions drear;—
Confirmd the vision Jacob saw of old
When heavns eternal portals wide unfold—
and Lo! with hosts angelic to the sky,
A flood of glory met the Patriarch's eye.
They talkd of him, who did the sword
(unsheathe
On Midian's race, to do the work of death
Bade all their terors vanish at his nod
and bad the blade of Gideon and
of God!.

The subsequent adventures of the hero of the foregoing poem, furnish more subjects for pastoral. His joining with a company of rovers, their predatory excursions, their manner of living are all capable of being wrought into that form of Poetry. The embassy of his nation, when they stood in need of his

assistance is also an interesting part
of sacred writ; — this may perhaps be
attempted in one of our future num-
bers; and if the Sternaut in winging
his way along the interminable
bounds of earth and of ages, should
love to linger on the scenes where the
hopes of man were raised, exalted &
confirmed — where an incarnate Savi-
our bled for his redemption — and where
the ingathering of humanity event-
ually take place — who shall dare
check his flight, or censure his pre-
dilection!

S.